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The Cause



By
C. H. James

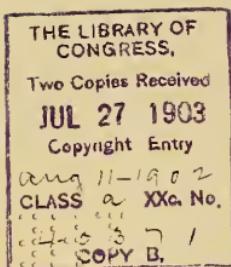
THE CAUSE

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THE ARGUMENT

God creates man divine, yet human. His rank that of angels. His relationship to Heaven. His purpose to rule and improve the world. His destiny, after his earthly sojourn, heaven. His duty to obey God. Why should he obey God? Satan's temptation. Man's fall. Man's knowledge dangerous to heaven's safety. Why it was so. Heaven closed. Man exiled. Paternal love. God-Man's parent. His curse on the causes of man's fall. Sin. The effect of sin on the soul. Hell's right to tempt man through his fall. Man becomes the subject of strife between God and Hell. The contest. Hell wins. God calls a halt. Noah preserves for man another trial. Fairness must rule. The flood. The new start. The contest opens. Shem and Jepheth. The contest rages. Abraham and Lot faithful. Sodom and Gomorrah fall. Hell claims its due. The contest continues. God, grateful, fights harder. The strife grows hand to hand. God's wonders. Times effect. Hell is gaining. Paternal love to the rescue. Reasons why Hell wins. Heaven's influence needed. Man must have light. Why the Prophet's teachings failed. God beyond man's comprehension. The difference between God and man too great. A Man-God must live. Why he must be God and man combined. His life must prove the mortals, meed is sorrow. Hell must be conquered by man. Christ is born.



THE CAUSE

IN man's creation God's divine decree
Willed he both human and divine should be;
Immortal, though, yet mortal by his birth
To rank with angels, but to live on earth.
Complete and perfect, in each mortal part,
Life, wishes, wants; in feeling, form and heart,
While yet a soul immortal he was given
Connecting him, though here on earth, with heaven.
The favored form of heaven his own should be
And blessed with power his God to know and see.
Enjoy his friendship, all his wishes know,
Yet live, as man, a mortal here below.
Kindred to angels, children should be all
To God the Father, maker of them all,
Divided, still united, each should know

The other, be their homes in Heaven or here below,
Increase, improve, develop, until age
Should reach in time and years the human stage,
That marked the limit, to the mortal given
Then pass as an immortal up to heaven.
Being of earth, yet with a heavenly soul
Perfect in each, yet perfect as one whole,
Aware of each and know what each required,
To rule the world, yet do as God desired.
Grander conception could not be displayed.
The holy word was spoke, and man was made;
The chimes of heaven rang out in joyous knell
And God was satisfied, for all was well.

* * * * *

In Eden's lovely bowers of mellow shade,
'Mid all the sweet perfumes its flowers made,
Exempt from every care, and every fear,
Master of all; man started his career.
With that immortal love, that heaven's decree
Has willed, the parent's, for the child shall be.
God loved his new-made offspring of the earth,
And willed, the world should all be his from birth.

Paternal love anticipated all,
And every want, provided for them all.
Exacting only from the child in turn,
Honor, respect, obedience in return.
As did the angels in their heavenly home
Love God, and bow obedience to his throne,
For chaos soon must spring, prevail and spread,
Where order does not flow, from one grand head;
But man, presumptuous, thankless, thoughtless, too,
Embraced the charming flattery Satan threw,
"Be God's full equal," sang the voice of Hell,
Man listened, disobeyed, was lost and fell.
Justly the wrath of God had cause to rise,
Man while yet human should not be too wise,
With mortal weaknesses and knowledge too,
He dare not know and meet the angels too.
Perfect in innocence man must remain,
If intercourse with heaven he could retain,
Converse with angels, and their friendship know,
Receive and entertain them here below.
Perpetuating power man must retain
To reproduce himself, through seed again,



"Converse with angels and their friendship know,
Receive and entertain them here below."

Increase and multiply, through mortal birth,
To people over, and improve the earth.
But live in blissful innocence the while
That sexual passion could the mind defile;
Suggest indulgence, through a natural law,
With every proper subject, that it saw.
Demand attention, from the mind at will,
Tempt thought to tarry, though resisting still;
Drive harmless, hallowed freedom from its throne,
From whence it reigned through innocence alone.
Knowledge would pierce, would rend the vail in two,
And all the charms of sin reveal to view;
Destroy the freedom, innocence supplied,
And crown its bliss, with blushes ere it died.
See infants with their souls, mature, complete,
With unrestrained love's bliss each other meet,
The nursing couch together sexes share,
While parents smile, for innocence is there.
But when the shaft of knowledge shoots its flame
Across the growing mind, the growing brain,
The parent parts them, teach them each reserve,
That each one's purity they may preserve.

Scarce had the juice of that forbidden fruit
Coursed through the veins of man and taken root,
Ere rising blushes, innocence belied,
And nudeness sought in shame itself to hide ;
Lascivious thoughts arose, the tingling breast
Revealed how sorely virtue was distressed ;
The climax crowned, through sin, indulgence given,
Severed the link connecting man to heaven.
Whate'er the pain, the anguish or the cost,
E'en though man's soul should be forever lost,
From league with Hell, become its new reserve,
Yet must the purity of heaven be preserved ;
As now, the law, whate'er its course may be,
Must build on justice, only, each decree ;
Preserve its purity, whate'er may fall,
Else crime will reign, and ruin come to all.
The curtain falls ; celestial, glorious light,
Is closed, forever closed, to mortal sight.
Life in luxurious paradise is o'er,
For sin must lead to suffering, nothing more.
The child, obedient to the parent's call,
Beholds that parent all its wants forestall.

Joy, bliss, contentment, shine through every stage;
Love clears the clouds and steady holds the gauge.
But let that child its parents' right defy,
Then love sinks wounded when the conscience cry;
Distress, remorse, flood on beyond restrain,
Sin always circles round a core of pain.

Yet in his bitter anguish o'er the fall,
His ruined hopes for man, the world and all,
God's love prevailed; for even though defiled,
Sullied and fallen, man was still his child.

Chastisement must upon the culprit fall,
Justice must be preserved the first of all,
The purity of heaven God must maintain,
Man must be exiled, that it so remain.

Observe the parent, punishing the child,
Still more condemn the causes that defiled
His erring offspring, pardoning all he can,
Within the scope of justice, erring man.

Behold his towering wrath, within the hour,
Tear from the tempter's form all future power,
Ever to win man's favor o'er again,
And through deception cause him further pain.

Man's nature ever, always, would abhor
The sight, and e'en the name of serpent more—
Hear in its voice, the warning hiss of hell,
And crush, destroy it every chance that fell.
The act, with which man's passion crowned his fall,
Was doomed to cost more pain, distress, withal,
More anguish, grief, remorse to heart and mind,
Than all his other faults and sins combined.
See pardon to all other crimes extend,
See sympathy as well assistance lend,
To turn chastisement from its harshest goal,
Spurn that which destroys virtue and the soul.
Observe the honest parent at the time;
His offspring falls from grace or stoops to crime;
Chastise the culprit e'en through parent creed
He seeks to find some pardon for the deed.
Discovers as the world does through love's laws,
The much more guilty culprit in the cause
Seeks his fond offspring from the cause to sever,
Condemns and e'en abhors that cause forever.
Paternal love! Essence of all divine!
Immortal, everlasting, incomparable, sublime!

Deplores with more true grief the offspring's fall
Than e'en that offspring that it would recall,
Pardons, forgives, and o'er and o'er again,
Pursues the object that it would reclaim,
Restore to all the rights, the joys it lost,
Nor counts the pain, the anguish or the cost.
Turn on the torch, that lights up every clime;
Search each in turn, back o'er the paths of time,
Whate'er the race, the rank, the nature, name,
Paternal love has lived, still lives the same,
Time rolls away the world, with every hour,
Develops through improvement greater power;
Modes, actions, habits, each alike improve
As cultivation gauges up its groove.
Thoughts, feelings, too, grow grander, more sublime,
As each new age ticks off the stroke of time.
Form, color, size, all undergo a change,
As new blood meets, and courses through the veins.
E'en love itself, that forms the brace, the band,
That binds the heart to heart, the hand to hand,
May alter, change, when worldly interests call,
Distance divide, or slander spread its pall.

But time, condition, circumstances, cause,
Alter in no respect paternal laws;
Firm, faithful, ever unaltered it flows,
Starting with life, nor ending at its close.
God, man's true parent, parent laws observed,
Else their perpetuation could not be preserved.
E'en through His word the laws existence found,
They must have ceased had God not have been bound.
Observe the sage, the statesman or the king,
Through promulgation, into existence spring,
Laws that themselves may inconvenience cause,
Still bow obedience to their own made laws.
Hence man was blessed, for though his soul was stained,
Paternal love, faithful to him, remained.
E'en doubly blessed, in his condition still,
For kindred to the angels man was still.
Imagination, signals thought, belief,
To pause and meditate upon the parents' grief.
His plans destroyed, his home with sorrow crowned,
And hell's delight at new material found.
The scene remained, resemblance still we trace,
When some fond offspring, falls from legal grace,

Grief crowns the home, the parent most of all,
Temptation gathers strength with every fall.
The human form its healthy glow retains,
When only pure blood courses through its veins.
But let one poison drop its powers enjoy,
'Twill soon pervade the whole, the whole destroy.
However small the vein it first may seize
It still links all the rest to its disease,
Assaults each artery with its poison breath,
Till health goes tottering, running to its death.
Alike the soul, when perfect, pure and free,
Shines out in radiant bliss, sublime to see,
But let one sin upon its brightness fall,
Unchecked, 'twill soon eclipse, destroy it all.
However small the sin, or slight the stain,
It links the soul to its degrading chain;
Permits temptation freedom to enjoy,
Parade its art, seduce and then destroy.
Sin springs from hell, and hence does hell retain
A right to tempt each soul that bears its stain;
To pit its powers against God's in the scale,
And let the subject choose which shall prevail.

Man through his disobedience and his fall,
Gave hell the right to practice on us all;
The sexual act that gives to life its seed,
Stains every soul that crowns life through the deed.
Hence, man became a subject now of strife,
'Tween God and Hell, for good or bad through life;
Each sought in turn to win, to lead the soul,
In triumph to His side, His home, His goal;
The angels barred from entering in the fray,
Sin closed the gates of heaven and barred the way;
God, single-handed, must alone engage,
And with the hosts of hell the battle wage.
See first the strife, in even contest flow,
To God turned Abel, while Cain turned below;
But briefly so, for hell's wild, countless clan,
Soon overbalanced God and captured man.
Behold the world that God had sought to claim,
Espouse the cause of hell, and swell its train;
The one exception to the mighty fall,
Noah, and Noah's house, remained of all.
Imagination and the mind withal,
Reviews the spectacle, man's rapid fall;

Crime, passion, lust, they grasp in fierce embrace,
While each indulgence hastens on the pace;
Inferno's hosts roll on with fiendish yell,
Throttling the soul's last hope of all but hell;
All horrors lashed within perdition's light,
The world, the world was lost, and all was night.

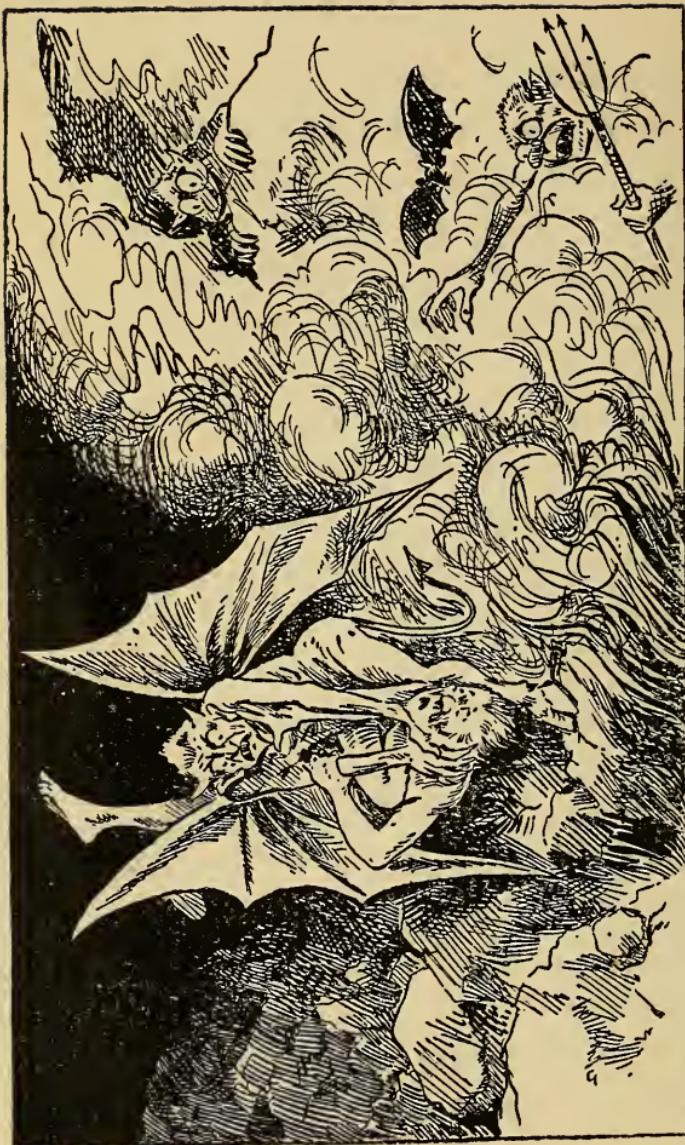
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God's patience ends; 'twas not to thus provide
Hell with new fuel, man was born his pride,
Though hell o'er all, but one holds new control—
God still was mighty master of the whole.

Another chance with hell must man embrace,
Since one house e'en was just of all the race;
Another chance, but justice first behooved
All detrimental influence be first removed;
Justice prevailed, the ark, home, perch, and barn,
Preserved the starting seed of all from harm;
The clouds burst open,—down their deluge cast,
The earth was purged, and hell was checked at last.

* * * * *

And now once more the play of strife began
'Tween God and Hell to win the soul of man;



"Inferno's hosts roll on with fiendish yell,
Throttling the soul's last hope of all but hell."

Inferno scores when Shem his eyes indulge,
But Sem and Jepheth twice the score expunge.
God marks the victory, and the pleasing sight
Endows the victors with superior might;
Proportional as heaven is over hell,
Shall be the victors over he that fell.
But Satan forfeits not the contest here—
Visions of his past victories appear;
Weak man could not from sinful charms refrain,
Fight on, fight on, victory would come again.
New subjects rise as increase takes its course,
And reproduces man again in force.
New families form while emigrations' chain
Scatters o'er all the world the race again.
And now are Satan's forces marshaled well,
The battle spoils must fill the pits of hell;
Each fiend with polished pipe assaults a soul,
Crime's trumpet sounds the charge, the battle's roll.
See God alone, contending, undismayed,
Stripped of his angels' individual aid,
The gates of heaven still closed, no cause sufficed
To risk its purity to conquer vice.

THE CAUSE

Grand, glorious God, calls o'er the battle's roll,
Stand firm, my children, heaven shall be thy goal.
See Abraham's house and Lot alone obey,
See Sodom and Gomorrah fall, give way.
Inferno claims its rights o'er those that fell;
The claim is just, and all are swept to hell.
The lost soul's shriek dies with the red flame's roar,
And Sodom and Gomorrah are no more.
The spectacle to hell sublime, indeed,
The soul's wild wail was music to its meed.
The victory grand was yet but half the score,
The dying, smoking embers called for more.
Anew the watchword rings, pursue with speed;
The other half the goal, more souls the meed.
Perdition scarce had well embraced its prey,
Ere all its fiends again resumed the fray.
But God, now grateful that one-half was true,
Fights harder, firmer, faster, grander, too;
Supplies new shields with miracles sublime,
And shoots his shaft of faith along the line.
See Joseph rise o'er all his foes supreme,
When faith's bright shaft pierced open Pharaoh's dream;

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See wavering Moses, braced and firm remain,
When God rechanged the serpent to the cane.
And now are wonders upon wonders hurled,
By grand, majestic God, upon the world,
To brace, in courage all that had allied
Themselves to Him, still firmer to his side.
But hell's dark master counsels no dismay,
But drives his fiends to faster, fiercer play ;
Men's souls were weak, sin's stain was on them all ;
Fight on ! fight on ! the watchword, all must fall.
And now the contest waxes hand to hand ;
See doubts and murmurs pierce the faithful band ;
See God contest, restore them day by day,
The Red Sea parted, Pharaoh swept away ;
See Marah's bitter waters sweetened too,
See Manna gathered daily from the dew,
See quails by thousands herded on the wing,
See rocks burst open to bring forth a spring,
See Moses live, though fire the mountain crowned,
Then see the test, asunder burst the ground ;
The Jordan's waters halt their rushing tide,
And e'en the sun and moon stand still beside.

Yet on the contest rages, high, severe,
And e'en grows wider, wilder, year by year.
Though God immortal feats perform, employ,
Hell progress through them all affords it joy.

* * * * *

Time rolls away, new centuries compile,
New blessings, wonders God performs the while,
Through all the contest wages wild around,
And hell seems slowly, surely, gaining ground.
Crime, passion, lust, idolatry as well,
Increase beneath the nursing hand of hell,
While faith and virtue, wisdom, honor, all
Were slowly, surely, sinking to their fall.
Four thousand years! 'twould justify dismay,
But grand, paternal love still stems the fray,
Still fights for man, and reasons out the cause,
Why hell so easily overcomes its laws.

* * * * *

Each soul, sin-stained since Adam fell,
Though linked to heaven, was linked alike to hell;
Hell being open, heaven being closed,
The one's influence o'er the other rose.

As now a man cast on the world we find,
Allows the greatest influence to mould the mind
To good or bad it finally leads the heart,
Till of that influence it forms a part.
But does the influence of each contend,
And each an equal portion to him lend,
Then reason, wisdom, conscience will prevail,
And crime, idolatry and lust will fail.
Proportional as heaven is over hell,
Must be its power and influence as well,
And when the powers of each alike prevail,
It follows that the weaker must more often fail;
But with hell open and with heaven closed,
The former's influence unhampered rose;
Hence God was misconstrued, conscience defied,
Beneath the influence that hell supplied.
But were the gates of heaven unbarred as well,
Then its influences could cope with hell,
Faith, truth and wisdom would in turn be hurled
Against the blasts of hell upon the world.
Though heaven must be preserved, whate'er the cost,
E'en though the world and man should all be lost;

Yet justice held for man it was but fair
That light, and faith, and help should come from there.

* * * * *

Man in his state seemed not to comprehend
His soul's importance, destiny and end;
Its infinite relationship too grand,
His reason failed to solve, define, to understand;
The prophet teachers God in turn had sent,
But with their teachings man was not content.
Teachings of mortals, like mortals, cannot stay;
A span of life the space then melts away.
E'en while they lived, their teachings were but poor;
No more could they give grace than they endure.
In them the light of heaven no mortal saw;
Their works but wonders and could only awe.
God makes the artist, and the latter's art
May reproduce his maker's works in part;
Perfect in color, form, size, age, or youth,
But never the blush of life, the glow of truth.
Proportional as life is over art,
So is the spirit o'er the mortal part.
The mortal may perform the spirit's part,

The soul rejects the act, it is but art.
The prophets were but mortals, each and all,
They were God's agents only, at his call
Their works were God's, and mortals could not give
To them the light of life, the glow that lives;
Too vast the difference between God and man,
The latter's mind could not abridge the span.
The Maker was but space to mortal sight,
Man saw no kindredship, he had no light;
Some help must be supplied, some teacher, too,
Though infinitely perfect, tangible to view;
Some link to span the space, to join, unite
The mortal being with the infinite;
Some being, while true God, yet still to be
A man in human form, that man could see;
To live as man, and yet while living show
As God the light of heaven to man below;
As man to teach to man that mortal life
Is but the prelude to immortal life;
Reveal as God as well, a light, a glow
To man's immortal soul that it would know
To live the life, and living, prove the creed,

That sorrow largely was the mortal's meed;
Describe as man to man the life of bliss,
That takes existence at the close of this;
Submit as man to all man's human laws,
Whate'er their portion be to prove the cause,
Whate'er the price the mortal pays in woes,
'Tis thrice repaid by heaven at life's close.
Confirm as God, his teachings as a sage,
By acts and deeds, beyond the mortal gauge,
And give those acts and deeds the light, the glow
Of truth that mortals could not fail to know.
Accept as man for man, faith and belief,
In kindredship to heaven's immortal chief;
As God perpetuated that faith forever,
To pass from sire to son, live on, live ever;
As man for man to God a promise make,
To live, resisting hell for heaven's sake.
Accept as God for God the pledge as given,
And open once again the gates of heaven;
The reasoning good, but could this being live
As man, and ample proof the maker give
That man would live for heaven whate'er the cost,

And keep his faith e'en though his life be lost?
Man had been pure and free from sinful stain,
And yet had fallen—would he fall again?
One more of God and heaven might come 'twas true,
But greater must his trial as man be, too;
The test would be severe, for hell would strain
By every means for victory o'er again.
The shafts that rend the soul and pierce the heart
'Twould hurl with all its power and all its art—
Deception, slander, fiendish flattery to
Treachery, torture, all he must go through;
Hell's vast resources on him would be hurled,
E'en death must crown his contest for the world.

Paternal love prevails, the cause suffice,
God wills the Man-God live whate'er the price,
That light and faith and hope to man be given,
And reunite the race again with heaven;
Free from the stain of mortals' sin of birth,
Yet born as other mortals here on earth,
A perfect man, and though divine as well,
As man to live, and as man conquer hell.

God's will be done, oh, kindred angels pray,
The world, the world the stake, man's soul the pay,
Eternal life, salvation, heaven the goal,
The trial chills the mind and awes the soul.

The Holy Maid God's messenger receives,
The Holy Ghost descends and she conceives,
The signal star lights up the starting morn,
And Christ the Man-God for the test was born.

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